

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1804.

Friendship put to the Test.

From the French of MARMONTEL.

(translated by a young lady.)

(continued)

JULIETTE remonstrated against the nicety of her delicacy in vain; Corally could not bear to hear of amusements or the vanity of fashion. Amidst those occupations which are suitable to the delicate, she preferred those that required the greatest address and understanding; and while she applied herself to them, her only apprehension was, whether they would afford a person a maintenance.

"Have you any design then to leave me," said Juliette?

"I could wish," replied Corally, "to be above any obligation, but that of loving you. I could wish to rid you of me, if I in anywise obstruct your happiness; but if I could contribute to it, do not be afraid of my running away from you. I am dear to you; your disinterestedness is an example, that, I believe, I am bound to imitate."

Nelson could not help adverting to Corally's engaging in the meanest domestic offices, and the disgust she shewed to things of mere amusement. He beheld with equal surprize the modest simplicity which she had introduced in her dress; and he could not help asking her reasons for it.

"I am trying what it is to be poor," she replied with a smile, and her cast-down eyes swam in tears.

Her expressions, her tears, which stole unwilling from her, pierced his very soul. —"Heaven!" cried he, "has my sister

inspired her with any apprehensions of being reduced to poverty?"—And when he was alone with Juliette, he pressed her to give him an éclaircissement.

"Alas!" said he, after he had heard her, "what cruel industry do you employ to render both her life and mine miserable! Though you were less secure with respect to her innocence, are you not secure enough in my honour?"—

"Ah, Nelson! I am not apprehensive of any thing criminal, or dishonourable; but I am apprehensive of misery. You see with how much dangerous confidence she indulges the pleasure of seeing you; how she is insensibly attached to you; how nature lures her, unknown to her, into the snares which she conceals from her. Believe me, my friend, considering the difference between your age and her's the name of friendship is a mere pretence. And can I abandon both of you to the illusion! But, Nelson, your duty is more precious to me than your tranquillity. Corally is destined for your friend; he himself has committed her as a sacred deposit to your charge, and you have robbed him of her."

"I! sister; what is it that you dare forewarn me of?"

"Of what you ought to avoid. I could wish, that though she may have some attachment for you, she would consent to marry Blandford; I could wish that she was beloved by him, and that he might be happy with her; but can she be happy with him? And were you affected only with the compassion, which she so richly merits, what would you not feel for the disturbed, perhaps for ever, tranquillity of this unfortunate girl! But would you see her pining away with love, and restrain yourself merely to pity her.

You love her—What did I say? Ah, Nelson, may heaven grant it may still be time!"

"Yes, sister, it is still time enough to form that resolution which will remove your anxiety. I desire you only to treat the sensibility of that innocent soul with tenderness, and not to afflict her without necessity."

"Your absence will certainly make her unhappy; but that alone can effect a cure. This is a time of retiring to the country; I was to follow you there, and bring Corally with me; you shall now go by yourself; and we will stay at London. In the mean while write word to Blandford, that his presence is necessary."

As soon as the young Indian found that Nelson had left her in London with Juliette, she seemed as if she had been left in a desert, and abandoned by every one. But as she had learnt to blush, and consequently to dissemble, she covered her grief under the pretence that it was occasioned by the reproach she laboured under for being the cause of their separation.

"You would have followed him," said she to lady Juliette; but I keep you from going. Unhappy one that I am! leave me by myself, abandon me." As she spoke these words, she wept bitterly. The more Juliette endeavoured to assuage, the more she increased her distress. All the objects which surrounded her made little or no impression upon her; one idea engrossed all her soul. It was necessary to make use of some sort of violence to divert her from it; and as soon as she was left to herself, it was apparent, that her thoughts fled back again to the object they were obliged to quit. If the name of Nelson was mentioned in her hearing, a lively blush ting-

ed her countenance, her bosom heaved, her lips quivered, all her body was seized with a sensible tremor. Juliette surprised her in her walk, tracing on the sand, in different places, the initial of the beloved name. The portrait of Nelson decorated Juliette's apartment; Corally's eyes never failed fixing upon it, when she thought herself unobserved: it was in vain she wished to turn them from it; they soon returned to it, as it were mechanically, and with one of those emotions in which the soul is an accomplice, not a confidant. The distress in which she was immersed dispersed on the sight of it, her work fell out of her hands, and every tenderness of grief and love animated her beauty.

Lady Albury thought it was requisite to keep her from this melting object: but to Corally it proved the most poignant misfortune. Her despair on that account knew no bounds; "Cruel friend," said she to Juliette, "you take a pleasure in making me unhappy. You endeavour to make my whole life one continued scene of sorrow and bitterness. If any thing assuages my troubles, you cruelly deprive me of it. It is not sufficient to banish me from him whom I love; his very shadow seems to have too many charms for me; you envy me the pleasure, of looking at it."

"Ah, unhappy girl, what would you wish?"

"To love, to adore, to live for him, even though he should live for another. I hope for nothing, I ask for nothing. My hands are sufficient to enable me to get my living; my heart is sufficient to enable me to love. I am troublesome, perhaps odious to you; send me away from you, but leave me that image where in his soul respires, or at least I imagine I see it respire. I shall behold it, I shall speak to it; I will persuade myself that it sees my flowing tears, that it hears my sighs, and is affected with them."

"Why, my dear Corally, will you nourish a fire, which consumes you? I make you uneasy, but it is for your good, and for Nelson's peace. Would you make him unhappy? He must be so, if he knows you love him; and the more so if he loves you. You are not in a condition to listen to arguments; but that penchant which you think so sweet, will impoison all his life. Have pity, my dear girl, on your friend and my brother; spare him that remorse and those conflicts that will bring him to the grave."

Corally shuddered at this address. She urged her ladyship to tell her how Nelson's attachment to her could be fatal to him.—"To be more explicit," said Juliette, "would be rendering that odious to you, which you ought ever to cherish. But in the most sacred of all duties forbid him the hope of being your's."

How is it possible to express the anguish in which Corally was immersed. "What manners! What a country," said she, "must that be, where a person cannot dispose of herself! Where the chief of blessings, mutual love, is a dreadful evil! I must dread the seeing Nelson again: I must tremble at pleasing him! At pleasing him! Alas! I would have given my life to be one moment as pleasing in his eyes, as he is in mine. It is time to fly from a country, where it is a crime, a misfortune to be loved."

Corally heard every day of vessels that were bound for her own country. She was determined to go on board one of them, without taking leave of Juliette. Only one evening, as she was going to bed, Juliette perceived, that in kissing her hand, her lips pressed it more tenderly than usually, and that some deep sighs escaped her.

"She leaves me in greater emotion than she ever did," said Juliette to herself; and not a little alarmed at the occasion. "Her eyes were fixed on mine with the most lively expression of tenderness and grief. What alteration has there been in her mind?"—This uneasiness deprived her of sleep all night; and the next morning she sent to enquire whether Corally was still in bed. She was informed that she was gone out by herself, and dressed very plainly, and had walked towards the sea-port. Aldbury rose in the greatest distress, and sent in pursuit of the Indian. She was found on board a vessel surrounded by the sailors, whom her beauty, her graces, her youth, the tone of her voice, and above all the simplicity of her request inspired them both with surprize and admiration. She had nothing with her but mere necessities. Every thing of value, which had been given her, was left behind, excepting a crystal heart, which she had received from Nelson.

On hearing the name of lady Aldbury, she submitted without the least resistance, and suffered herself to be brought back again. She appeared at first a little confused on account of her elopement;

but when reproached on account of it, she replied, "That she was unhappy and free."

"Why so, my dear Corally! do you perceive nothing here but unhappiness?"

"If I saw only my own, I would never quit this place. It is Nelson's unhappiness which makes me uneasy; and it is to make him easy that I eloped."

(to be continued)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. IX.

Sweet Sensibility 'tis thine,
With feeling heart and eye benign,
To seek another's bliss;
Pure is thy birth, from love divine,
Thy pleasures round the heart entwine,
And painful griefs dismiss.

THAT man must be highly favored, in whose breast the glow of sensibility is cherished; he is capable of much happiness, independent of those illusions which flutter only in the atmosphere of fancy, and he can derive sweet satisfaction from the secret source of self-approbation.

The undulating streams of pity, which gently glide through the garden of sensibility, spring from the pure fountain of heavenly love; and, as they are strongly impregnated with the blossoms of virtue, possess those properties which are capable of vivifying the languid spirits of misfortune's children.

AMANDA, whose early life was blessed with the splendid rays of hope's cheering sun, ere the morn of youth departed, beheld all the blooming prospects which lay before, her blighted by rude blasts from unpropitious skies. Resignation to the will of HIM who is ever watchful over the affairs of mortals, enabled her to endure the storm of disappointment with fortitude; the dark cloud which enveloped her in sorrow, obscured for ever from her view, those parents who had, with pleasing care, supported her steps during her infantine years and instilled into her expanding mind the principles of virtue.—How comfortless then must she find reflection on the contrast of former pleasures with her present situation.—But the wheels of providence are regulated by the hand of infinite wisdom.—Sensibility realized her unhappiness and the streams of pity washed away her afflictions—the hand of a benevolent friend was stretched out for

her support, and the decrees of heaven were favorable to her condition—her heart glowed with gratitude to that God to whom alone she wished to ascribe praises for reviving prosperity;—sensible that affliction is the school of divine knowledge, she is happy in reflecting that she was here taught to look to HIM who is alone able to dispense unfading blessings;—she is now the pride of her sex, and an honor to society.

How pleasing must be the reflections of him through whose instrumentality her happiness was established.—Ask the mercenary devotee to pecuniary acquisitions, if he can feel the sweet emotions of heart-felt satisfaction, which are the constant companions of those who delight in doing good; do not their continual anxiety and restless passions evince to all around, that the exhilarating charms which animate the virtuous heart, were never felt by them?—Delightful sensations enhance the pleasures of life to those who desire to participate with others the blessings heaven has bestowed on them.—Gloomy cares becloud the minds of those whose joys centre only in themselves—anxious emotions disturb their rest, and whilst they look forward to imaginary comforts, evils springing from their own sordid dispositions encompass them around.

Who then, would exchange mental pleasures for that which prejudice alone has denominated happiness, and has its existence only in the disordered brains of a giddy multitude.—Airy phantoms! ye derive your origin from the arch fiend, who aims at the destruction of thy votaries, and leads them by his wiles through all the tinsel paths of vain delights.—But thou, oh, Sensibility! divine is thy birth—descended from the realms of love, well thou knowest the substantial realities there is in heaven-born virtue—thou wast the constant companion of the blessed SAVIOUR whilst on earth,—it was his delight to do good to the children of men, and in him thou didst shine forth most conspicuously, in the extension of beneficence, even to his enemies.

SERENUS.

WE are but curiously impertinent in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy. We cannot be knowing, but we may be virtuous.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SATIRIAD—No. II.

MR. SCOTT,

SINCE my last, I have made the tour of my newly adopted country. I have stemmed the salubrious air of Vermont and Maine, and fluttered beneath the feverish clime of Louisiana. I have seen the Niagara, in stupendous majesty, seeking in its fall a new bed for its troubled waters; and have traversed the lakes of the interior in the bark canoe of the Indian, unknown to its tawny navigator. I have beheld the solemnity of his morning adoration to the unknown God beyond the hills. I have witnessed the equal distribution of justice in their villages, and when spirituous liquors have destroyed their harmony, regretted that Europeans, in their attempt to civilize, have rendered them, in many respects, more savage than before.

I have seen the muddy waters of the Mississippi, bearing in their course, numerous adventurers, who had quitted their paternal homes in pursuit of the bubble happiness.—I have observed the sun-burnt countenance of the Kentuckian, brighten with hope, as he turned the prow of his boat from the log tenement of his forefathers, in search of an inheritance for his children; may his hopes be realized.—Quitting the rapid stream of the Mississippi, and bending my course eastward, I saw as I crossed over a small city, a crowd of people around a building of distinction; curious to know the cause, I descended, and found it was a town-meeting of the inhabitants: One of the assembly was mounted on a table, and haranguing the rest; he told them that "*Liberty* was the birth-right of man—that the charter of his country declared all men are born free and equal—that it became the highly favoured sons of America to oppose, with determined resolution, any attempt to infringe their glorious birth-right; that he who would forge fetters for his unoffending fellow creatures, was unworthy the light of heaven, and ought to be hunted from the face of creation." When he concluded, loud plaudits burst from every part of the assembly:—Pleased with the sentiments of this people, I left the meeting, and had scarce reached the adjoining street, when I saw a number of negroes *hand-cuffed* together, and guarded, coming up from the wharf: They were part of a cargo of *prime slaves* from the coast

of Guinea—that morning their lives had been bartered for—the purchasers had paid down the price of blood!! and were now going to knock off their irons, and portion them agreeable to what each had paid. The dearest ties of nature were now to be burst assunder—husband torn from wife—the child wrested from the arms of its mother—brother separated from sister, never more to meet, until the oppressor and the oppressed shall meet together at the final judgment.

Humanity shudders at the tale—God of nature, where sleeps thy thunder! But hold—let not presumption dare to ask the question; is it not fully answered in the seizure and detention in captivity of more than three hundred American citizens by a barbarous power? The late awful dispensation, loudly declares, in language not to be misunderstood, "Sons of America, beware of the accursed thing—turn ye, ere the storm now rumbling at a distance, burst over your devoted heads."

SATIRETTA.

ANECDOTE

OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

WHEN George the second was once told by some of his confidential friends, that every thing was complained of, and that the people were extremely dissatisfied at the tardiness of making the public payments, &c. &c. he in great wrath sent for the old Duke of New-Castle, and told him he would no longer suffer such infamous delays, but was determined to inspect and regulate the accounts himself; for this purpose he commanded that the papers should be immediately sent to St. James's. 'They shall be sent to your majesty to-morrow,' replied the duke....When the king arose in the morning, and looked out of his window, he saw two waggon loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area.—Inquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of New-Castle, to whom he sent to know what it meant. 'They are the papers for examination,' said the Duke; 'twelve more waggon loads for your majesty's inspection will be sent in the course of the day.'—'For my inspection,' (replied the enraged monarch) 'for my inspection! the devil's chief clerk may inspect them, but I would as soon walk barfooted to Jerusalem.'

AN ORIGINAL TALE—BY ADELIO.

(continued)

JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF

CHARLES COLEMAN SAUNDERS.

THERE is no fear which acts so powerfully on the mind of man, as that which bids him guard against no determinate object or attempt; my death was certainly intended. To meet it face to face in any form (though constitutionally timid) I thought possible; but to be forever in danger, to be taken off by a bullet while I believed myself safe, to drink the draught of death, when I thought myself restoring vigor to my exhausted frame, or to perish when lying defenceless and reposing in the arms of sleep—these were dangers to encounter for which all my courage was unequal, and which could only be avoided by removing from my present abode; once gone, my enemy's scheme of revenge would be relinquished; if I remained, I should one time or other, become its victim. My journey to the city was again resolved upon, and executed. At midnight I left my father's house, but without any intention to return: I took nothing with me except a small sum of money: I imparted my intention to no one: I may be blamed for leaving my friends thus abruptly, in anxiety and suspense respecting my fate; but I thought it wrong to alarm them, as they could not possibly remove the cause of my danger; they would have persuaded me to remain, or by their means my future residence would be discovered, CARNELL (the being whom I believed to be my secret enemy) would pursue me, and I should be subject to incessant alarms; perhaps you may think my conclusions unwarranted; if so, remember they were the conclusions of one, who was unable, from the singularity of the case, to receive advantage from the judgment of others.

I did not, however, leave my father's house without emotion, I could not deny myself the secret satisfaction of visiting every spot, which recollection made dear to my heart; the nocturnal seat was not forgotten; once more I repaired thither and seated myself in the usual place;—the night was calm and clear, not a cloud obscured the splendors of the ethereal vault of heaven, the moon was

full and her beams seemed to repose on the tranquil bosom of the water; every sound was hushed, save when the zephyr sighed through the foliage of the venerable oaks.—It brought to my recollection the celebrated night-piece of *Homer*,—thus translated by *Pope*:—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure casts her sacred light,
When not a breeze disturbs the blue serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower lustre shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head.—
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, exulting in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

To me who was about to leave it, perhaps forever, this scene appeared unusually interesting; I know not how long I sat occupied with various reflections, when I was roused by the sound of approaching footsteps; I started, and looking around, I saw a young woman at no great distance from me, in her hand she held an open letter; her movements were wild and irregular, she would look on the letter, and then on heaven; I watched her with attention and solicitude; the adventure was of a singular nature; this was a place not frequented by any human being except myself, at least I had not seen any one here at this hour. Could she be seeking any one here! This seemed improbable, and her attention seemed wholly absorbed by the letter.—Suddenly she exclaimed, I can bear this torture no longer, and rushed towards the river; I started from my seat, and flew to prevent her; I seized her but she eluded my grasp, shrieked, and leaped into the water! In a moment all was again silent; to descend to the river at this spot, could not be accomplished without imminent risk; I looked down on the stream, but the overhanging rocks cast a deep shade over it, and I saw her no more: Some distressing occurrence had probably overpowered her reason, and in a moment of despair and insanity she had put an end to her existence; she had chosen the hour of midnight for this purpose, when she thought the deed would be concealed from every human eye; I however, had been a melancholy witness to the shocking catastrophe. Her friends would wonder whither she had fled—I only could tell; her corse would be borne down the stream, it

would perhaps be found, when corruption had made the features indistinguishable; conjectures would be formed as to who it had been, and how it came there, and I alone, could answer all these questions; but should I endeavor to discover who it was, should I inform her friends, what had been her fate; I should be seized as the perpetrator of the deed; I might indeed discover the truth, but they would not believe it; I should suffer by my sincerity, I should at least be blamed for not preventing it; this I might have done, but how was I to imagine her intention? Self-destruction was a deed of which I thought mankind incapable, and when convinced of the contrary, it was too late—the deed was done; the past could not be recalled. I resolved to leave every thing to its course; no one had witnessed her end but myself, and I would, for many reasons, be induced to conceal it; her friends would be benefited by this procedure, they would suppose her death, (if the intelligence of it reached them) accidental, and be spared the dreadful certainty of its being intentionally effected.

I pursued my journey, and reached the city in safety; here new difficulties presented themselves; my object had been to offer myself as an apprentice to a watchmaker; but who would take me? I was acquainted with no human being, though surrounded by so many thousands, I was unknown and unrecommended; In the mean time, I might be apprehended as a thief, or confined as a vagrant or runaway; this might be prevented by a disclosure of the truth, but its concealment was necessary to my purpose; in addition to this, food was absolutely necessary; my stock of money was almost exhausted.

Those who have lived remote from cities, have not a just conception of the real necessity of money; provisions for a day, lodging for a night, might be had in many parts of the country gratis, and would be received as the offering of hospitality, a virtue more practised in the country, than in town: The little cash I had yet remaining would not, here, purchase more food than was necessary for a single meal; the haughty independence of my spirit would not permit me to ask a favor, and my soul revolted at the thought of stealing; I shuddered when I reflected on the condition to which my imprudence had reduced me; a secret voice whispered, "you have done wrong;" but to return was too late

and the evils I had fled from would again be encountered; my situation was similar to that of a man in the midst of a rapid stream; it was at least as easy to proceed as to return, my course was pointed out, and I could do nothing more than rush on boldly to the endurance of whatever ills I was doomed to suffer.

I knocked at the door of a watchmaker in market-street, and was soon ushered into the room, where sat the master and his family, in a manner which plainly evinced my embarrassment; I told him my business; his dark, unprepossessing features were contracted, and his penetrating eyes seemed to pierce into my very soul: He asked my name, place of abode, &c. I told him no falsehoods, neither did I tell him the whole truth; I did not tell him my father's dislike to my pursuit; after much conversation of an uninteresting nature, he said, "your story does not seem improbable, your appearance seems to evince the truth of some parts of it, but if I take you as an apprentice, what security can you give me, for your good conduct, and industry." All I have to give, I replied, the word of a man of honor, who values his word too highly, to promise what he does not intend to perform. The term, I believe, sounded strangely in his ears, it was indeed ludicrously contrasted with my homely dress, and awkward appearance, and I believe he was about to refuse me, when the entrance of a young lady put an end to this interval of suspense, and created another; she cast an enquiring look upon me; I felt still more distressed, and held down my head, confused and confounded, when a sudden exclamation from her, of "Can it be possible!" effectually roused me, "can what be possible?" said every one in the same instant; she answered not, but hastening to me, she seized my hand; I was now convinced my conjectures were right; when she spoke, I thought the voice familiar to my ear, at least that I had some where heard it before; a sight of her features told me where, my hand trembled in hers, and I flattered myself she was not without emotion: You have, no doubt, already guessed who this lady was, you will remember my adventure in the wood, when I saved her from the violence of CARNELL: An explanation ensued, and I received the thanks of her family; my first request was granted, and I became an apprentice.

(to be continued)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION,—VIII.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

DANGER in sport is nothing very uncommon; but sport in evident danger is an effect, seldom, or never produced on man. In the former case the mind is wholly wrapt up in pleasure; leaving no room for reflection on any other object than the one which affords it delight: heedless, therefore, of any threatening peril, it strives only to gratify itself at the risk, oftentimes even of life.—In the latter, there is a kind of dread which pervades the mental faculties, that will not suffer them to consider any thing except the cause of their fear, and the means of escape; hence, they can enjoy no divertisement so long as the hazard continues. Judge then how strangely I must be situated, when the latter is my case; particularly as I both have the sport, and am in danger. However, not to trouble you with any further comments, I shall go on to my main intention.

Since my power has been imparted to me, you can scarce imagine under what apprehension the ladies (for none else to the present allusion would care a straw) labour, who have a knowledge that I am possessed thereof. Hardly one of them *ira coucher* without stoutly shaking bed and window curtains, and looking out every corner, lest **PROTEUS** should be there concealed! But whilst these poor, innocent, modest creatures are giving themselves so much trouble, I am sitting at my ease on their lips, sipping their "nectarine breath" as they exhale it; or, perhaps, lightly on the "tip end" of the nose of one of them, feasting my eyes with a survey of their beauteous faces!—Oh! the thought "sets fire to my heart as I pen it! Delicious thought, I will enjoy thee!"

In one of the United States, there is a young lady greatly celebrated for her exquisite beauty (a sufficient reason to call and see her,) whom I resolved to honour with a few hours of my company. Wherefore, being at a certain place one evening, where she also was, I had the pleasure of accompanying her, unobservedly, home; where having arrived, and partaken of a delicate repast provided, chiefly, for her reception, she retired to her own apartment whither I took the liberty of following her.

I have since discovered that that was the very day on which she had first heard of my metamorphosing faculty, which will, in some degree, account for the following occurrence.

Carelessly she entered her chamber, and began to lay off all her habiliments—First, an elegant silk-velvet spencer, richly adorned with black lace—next, a superbly handsome, but small handkerchief, which was loosely thrown round her neck—then—Stop.....Mum.....or I shall spare the ladies the trouble of dressing and undressing, by causing them (as some have intimated they would) to sleep all night, *full dress*, in their great-grand-mother's **ARM-CHAIR**—But to proceed—our belle had nearly divested herself, when some insect, which is not uncommon, fluttered against the window. This brought suddenly to her recollection, what she had heard concerning me—immediately with a loud shriek she sunk almost lifeless on the floor. The family, alarmed at the noise, were soon gathered round her, who exerted all their powers to recover her; and at the same time attempted in vain to conjecture, with any plausibility, the cause of so sad a disaster. But a superstitious old lady soon found somebody, to whom to attribute it—don't be frightened—**THE DEVIL**. She was "*sertain 'twas SATAN* who had appeared to this poor soul, that had always been too light minded and trifling"—Thus she ran on; to no purpose did they command her to be silent.—By assiduous endeavours, Miss — was at length so far restored, as to be able to speak, though frantically. Her first words were—"There he is—look—don't you see him?"—"Oh! mercy on us" cried the old lady "didn't I tell you 'twas nobody else than the *devil*!"—The father of Miss —, no longer able to bear her loquacity, with a kick and curse sent the old lady reeling out of the room, breathing forth her pious ejaculations.

This superstitious creature being no longer present, the father asked his daughter, what had occasioned her fright. "'Twas," replied she, after bestowing some tender epithets on her parent—" 'Twas that ugly monster **PROTEUS**, that dirty fellow, who sneaks about to pick up whatever he can catch, and then goes and carries it to Mr. Scott, the Editor of the Repository, who publishes it to all the world; so"—here the insect again fluttered—"Oh, there, now you can hear him, do my good father go,

catch him, bring him to me that I may beat him right well." Her father thinking she was flighty again, tried to soothe her, without effect: she persisted it was PROTEUS who made that buzzing. When, to satisfy her Mr. — brought her that "ugly monster" that "dirty fellow," and lo! 'twas one of those large flies, which, enlivened by the mildness of the weather, had ventured to creep forth; and fixing itself as may be presumed, on the door, was disturbed by the entrance of Miss — and flew for refuge to the window! Yet, notwithstanding her father's assertion, she was certain it was PROTEUS who assumed that form, and in revenge she took up a costly fan which lay on the table, smacking it and the poor fly in an almost equal number of pieces! Unable to contain myself any longer, for laughter, I skipped off, thanking heaven that instead of being in the unfortunate fly's place, I had been securely seated, during the whole time, on the shoulder of Mr. —.

A knowledge of Mademoiselle's hatred, did not deter me from waiting on her the next morning, about the hour she should have breakfasted, and prepared to dress. This, as I guessed, was about eleven o'clock. There was no necessity to wait long, she went to her room with that intention, soon after my arrival, to which place I attended her.—The requisites to begin with, were, "*rouge*" and "*flake-white*." You need not be told that these are the principal resources of the "*Softer Sex*" to obtain a *fair skin, rosy cheeks*, &c.

Although I firmly believe, the "ugly monster" had not entered her thoughts this morning, I was in more *real danger* than the preceding evening; for having laid those two "ingredients for beauty" pretty thick on her face, I attempted to give her the pain (or if you please, pleasure) to go over it again; but, unfortunately for me, having assumed only a small shape, and sat a considerable while on her lips, I was so damped with her nectarine breath" (which you know is very *sticky*) that coming in contact with one of the *daubed cheeks*, I stuck fast! Luckily, however, the fear of spoiling the *first coat*, to use a technical term, saved my life (which by the by I suppose, many of your fair readers already wish was lost) for taking up a *nice* piece of cotton, she gently released me from a disagreeable situation, and being unfettered, I made quickly off.

"Now after all" say you "I cannot conceive what 'sport' you could have had: In the first place, you must have been in continual fear of being sought after, caught, and mangled to 'glut the vengeance' of a *female*:—and in the second, you were smeared up to the eyes in something worse and more noxious than even mud itself;"—right—you cannot *conceive*, *ergo* my premises in the first paragraph about "danger and sport"—But had you been in my situation, though never so perilous, you would have enjoyed more 'sport' than from a relation of the circumstances can be imagined.

Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

Note. I shall not reply to your correspondent 'An Advocate for Matrimony' as I have sufficiently exonerated myself in the last Communication; by reference to which he will see I am one of *his own party*.

P.

TO 'AN ADVOCATE FOR MATRIMONY.'

SIR,

CONVINCED that I must enter into a tedious controversy on a subject, which will be pleasing to no one but a *Logician*; though however powerful the arguments, on your part may be, they will avail nothing against those who are *wisely* determined; and those of my side effect nothing against one who is *obstinately* tenacious of his own.

It is true, we all write to "exhibit virtue;" is there only one way to do it? *viz.* by writing in support of matrimony? certainly, the way to acquire virtue is, first to know where she resides; whether in matrimony or celibacy, and there dwell with her. This is the result of the present inquiry.

That the "observations of ADELIO do him much honor," I confess, because, arguments, however futile they may be, in support of a bad cause, are very commendable, and should be accounted as a great sign of ingenuity: But to the point.

You "add a few queries, which PROTEUS, or some of his aids, will *you* hope, answer:" The first is "Gentlemen, supposing that ye could destroy the ordinance of marriage, with what would you supply its place, &c." But we would not wish marriage to be altogether extinct; if a person can get a virtuous and chaste wife, provided she really is so, by all means let him marry; if he be doubtful whether these essential qualities are in his intended uxor (which by the bye is more than probable.)

"Ferre potest dominam salvis tot restibus ullam?
Cum pateant altæ, caligantesque fenestræ?"

The youth in these days, care not for these, if she have hopes of a fortune, can paint well, dance gracefully, shew her form to advantage, prate a little, she becomes a wife directly; it is such an union to which we would prefer celibacy, and

"Porticibusne monstratur femina voto
Digna tuo? cunctis an habent spectacula totis
Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?"

take an impartial view of our present females, see them gadding abroad, half naked, and tell me candidly what kind of wives they would make; whether they would not be pests to their husbands, and the ruin of their children, by instructing them in the follies of this world.

"Gentlemen are you Christians? the Lord says, it is not good for the man to be alone, I will make an help meet for him?" Christianity, Sir, is a principle which is, and ought ever to be ingrafted in our breasts; to fear and adore the "Author of our being" should be our only care; to obey his mandates our only pleasure: That he destined woman for an "help meet" to man, we most cheerfully assent; that he destined all mankind for salvation too, is beyond dispute; but will all be saved? or is she an "help meet," as was pre-determined she should be? No, her virtue has fallen, her chastity fled, and her bad qualities remain to corrupt man; yet you call us profaners for exhorting our fellow creatures, lest they be decoyed into that fatal snare which will embitter the remnant of their lives.

"Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illo."

Let us then, omit marrying until we can get a virtuous wife, and I fear we will never leave a state of celibacy.

L'AMI.

P. S. I am no great logician, nor you either; but that particulars are included in generals, you cannot disprove. If celibacy produces misery, how can one be happy in it? or if matrimony cause felicity how can any be wretched in it?

* Can he bear the tyrant, a wife, when so many kind halts may be had? when so many dazzling high windows lie open from whence to take a leap?

† Can a woman, worthy of your wish, be shewn you in any of our public walks? Can the box, pit or gallery afford you any on which you may place your love in safety? or make a choice of?

‡ The bed whereon a married woman lies, always promotes contention and mutual scolding, very little sleep is to be had there.

When we see one man ruined by gambling, we say that it is a pernicious practice, we don't attempt to wait for all men to feel the effects of it, before we give our judgment.

L'AMI.

TO L'AMI.

SIR,

FOR an answer to the objections you have made to some opinions I advanced in my observations on marriage, I refer you to my piece; had you read that with proper care, you would have found most of your objections anticipated and answered, and you would have saved yourself the trouble of writing, and me that of replying to your objections: I will not charge you with wilfully omitting expressions which alter the meaning of some of the sentences you have quoted; but you have certainly passed over my remarks with a careless eye; omitted several words, and paid but little attention to the context. Please to read my remarks again attentively, and you will not (I am persuaded) ask any other answer, to any but the last of the sentences you have quoted; to this, I reply by reminding you of the old proverb, "the burnt child dreads the fire."

You relate a story by way of illustration—you say, there was a tattling woman, who ruined her husband,—I reply, there was a drunken man who murdered his wife; however, I only relate this, to shew the impropriety of forming general conclusions from solitary facts. To conclude, I again request you to read with care and decide with candor, which if you, and my readers do, you and they will be satisfied that what I have said above is correct, and you will see the necessity of reading with attention, lest, by mistaking the meaning of writers, you subject yourself to undeserved censure.

ADELIO.

ANECDOTE.

ZENO, the philosopher, turning merchant for his better support, was always unfortunate by losses at sea, inasmuch that he was reduced to one small vessel; and having advice that it, with all its lading, was also cast away in the ocean, and nothing saved, he heard the news with cheerfulness, saying, "O Fortune, thou hast acted wisely, in forcing me to throw off the rich attire of a merchant, to put on the mean and despised habit of a scholar, and return me back to

the school of philosophy, where there is nothing to lose, and the most satisfactory and durable thing to be gained." After this, Zeno so improved in learning, that the King, Antigonus II. held him in great esteem for his knowledge and integrity, and, when he died, extremely lamented the loss of him. He was founder of the sect of stoics, and taught, "That men having two ears, and but one mouth, should hear much, and speak but little."

BONES.

From a late London paper

EVERY Man, as Shandy says, has his hobby-horse.—It is certain, however, that all men have bones—in their bodies a sufficient number, could they be contented; but they must forsooth have other bones.

The *Statesman's* bone is a good place—look at him while he picks it, what a snarling he makes if any one dares but approach it; there he keeps knawing and knawing, until a stronger cur snatches it from him; yet he never loses sight of his favourite bone.

Two *Great Dogs* snarled for many years about a bone and just as they were about to divide it amicably, in comes a little *Puppy*, and snatching up the bone, ran away with it.

The *Lawyer* has his bone—a good fee—which he keeps mumbling at, until he can get no more marrow, then leaves off, in hopes of another.

The *Parson* has an ecclesiastical bone—a good living;—No cur snarls more when he has got it, but he is a spaniel all over before the bone is thrown at him; yet on the very sight of it cries "*Nolo Episopari*," which being interpreted is, *I am exceedingly glad to get at it*.

The *Physician*, too, has his bone, which is most commonly a bone of contention between him and the patient—the latter wishing to be well, and the former inclining to prolong the distemper.—There are pretty pickings from medical bones.

The *Merchant* has an excellent bone in time of war, called a contract—There is a deal of meat on his bone, and the juices and marrow are rich and palatable.—But they are very extravagant masters who throw such bones to their dogs; they might serve to feed many a poor family.

The *Trading Justice* has many excellent bones.—Indeed, every poor or rich

devil who comes under his knowledge, is a bone which he will not throw into prison until he has picked it quite clean.

A *New Play* is an excellent bone for a *Critic*—and although he be most ignorantly toothless, he keeps mumbling and mumbling it in his mouth, until he has beslobbered half the newspaper with it—This kind of cur barks loud, as well as snarls.—The managers of the winter Theatre promise several bones for them to pick; indeed, during the summer, which may be called the theatrical dog-days, they almost go mad.

Every man, therefore, has his bone—Every man will pick his bone, and keep it as long as he can.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1804.

COMMUNICATION.

ON Sunday evening 8th inst. I had the pleasure of being present at a reading of the pupils belonging to the young Ladies' Academy.—The exercises of the evening were opened with a prayer by the Principal, admirably adapted to the occasion; the Young Ladies then read a number of suitable pieces with great propriety. An interesting address was next delivered by the Principal Mr. NEAL; the advice contained in it to parents and children, ought to be engraven upon every heart.—I was truly happy to hear subjects of such importance discussed in a way so impressive, animated and judicious. The whole was concluded by an appropriate prayer by Mr. JAUDON. It is pleasing to see the attention paid to the culture of the female mind in this city.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Robert Stout, to Miss Elizabeth Evans, both of this city.

—On Sunday evening 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. John Richardson, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Dildine, of Princeton.

—On Thursday evening 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. William M'Farlane, to Miss Mary Campbell, all of this city.

—Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. William Jenkins, to Miss Amelia Burr, all of this city.

DIED—On Saturday 14th inst. in Providence township. (Montgomery co.) Penns. Mr. Christopher Zigler, æt. 90; and on Monday following Mrs. Gurry, at Norristown, (same co.) æt. 100.

—On Monday 17th inst. Dr. Joseph Pleiffer, æt. 70.

—On Thursday 19th inst. Mr. John Roney, æt. 60.

To Correspondents.

The "Riddle" communicated by Adolphus, has already been inserted in the Repository.

"Sceptic"—the Editor doubts whether the author has seriously considered the subject he descants upon;—if he has, *Decency* recommends to him a reconsideration.

The Extracts by S, though generally uninteresting, shall receive some little attention.

Temple of the Muses.

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

[FROM THE FRENCH]

Quand l'Amour naquit à Cythere, &c.

LAP'D on *Cithera's* golden sands,
When first *True Love* was born on earth;
Long was the doubt what foster'd hands,
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First *Habe* claim'd the sweet employ,
Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious *Venus* justly fear'd
The tricks and changeable mind of youth;
Too mild the æt'her's *Penis* appear'd,
Too stern, too cold, the matron *Truth*.

Next *Fancy* claim'd him for her own,
But *Prudence* disallow'd her right;
She deem'd her *Iris* pinous shone,
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To *Hope* awhile the charge was given,
And well with her the cherub thriv'd;
Till *Innocence* came down from Heaven,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of *Love*!

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,
When all prefer'd to her she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitor watch'd a sultry hour,
When pillow'd on her blush-rose bed;
Tir'd *Innocence* to slumber's pow'r,
One moment bow'd her virgin head:

Then *Pleasure* on the thoughtless child
Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest;
Drunk with new joy, he heav'd he smil'd,
Reel'd—sunk—and died upon her breast!

ON MARRIAGE.

By a Female.

SICK of the town, at once I flew
To contemplation's rural seat!
Adieu, said I, vain world, adieu!
Fools only study to be great.
The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
The moss-grown roof, and matted floor,
All these I had:—'Twas mighty well:
But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
I soon return'd, in hopes to find
Ease for imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart, and peace of mind.
Gay scenes of grandeur, ev'ry hour,
By turns, my fickle fancy fill;
The world seem'd all within my pow'r;
But yet I wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd:
'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale!
Cælia, at length, became a bride—
A bride to Damon of the vale.
All nature smil'd, the gloom was clear'd,
Damon was kind! I can't tell how!
Each place a paradise appear'd.
And Cælia wanted nothing now.

MAY'S ADDRESS TO APRIL.

WITHOUT your showers
I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears,
If you don't weep
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears
As your decay
Made room for May,
So I must part with all that's mine,
My balmy breeze,
My blooming trees
To torrid suns their sweets resign:
From April dead
My shades I spread;
To her I owe my dress so gay;
Of daughters three
It falls on me
To close our triumphs on one day,
Thus, to repose
All nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom—
Time on the wing,
May—ends the Spring
And Summer triumphs o'er her tomb!

THE VOWS OF LOVE.

SWEET is the summer's musky breath,
That lightly sweeps the flow'ry heath;
Sweet is the song young nature chants,
In lovelorn youth's romantic haunts
Sweet is the cheerful cowslip's mien,
Quick rising from her couch of green;
And sweet at day's delightful dawn,
The fresh rose bud upon its thorn.
But tho' so sweet the various flow'rs
That flaunt in spring's embroider'd bow'rs
Or richly scent the summer grove,
Yet sweeter are the vows of love.

But with the flow'rs the fickle gale,
Shall quickly leave the blooming vale;
The woodland song shall cease its charms
When nature sinks in winter's arms.
And when the cold north chills the sky
The cowslip on her stem shall die,
And shrinking from the first keen blast
To earth the lovely rose he cast;
So transient, tho' so sweet shall prove,
Ye trusting maids—the vows of love.

SENSIBILITY.

Sweet *Sensibility*! to every charm
'Tis thou canst add energy impart;
'Tis thou inspir'st the all-awakened glow;
The moral polish of the feeling heart.

In vain may Beauty boast the finish'd form;
Her eyes with but unmeaning brightness roll
Till thou bestow'st the finely pointed charm,
That sinks resistless to the yielding soul.

Thus vulgar artists, with unheeded care,
May form and colouring to a portrait give;
But such fine tints as speak the *master's* hand,
Add grace, expression, bid the canvas live.

TO-MORROW.

WHEN you, my charming fair, I press,
With smiles you answer each caress;
But to my constant sorrow.
When love expects his due reward,
My bursting sighs you disregard,
And say, Not till To-morrow.

To-morrow comes—as soon as light
Has chas'd the ling'ring clouds of night
More lively hopes I borrow.
I fly to meet my fair again,
But still she trifles with my pain,
And bids me come To-morrow.

But, cruel maid, you must beware,
Or soon you'll have your proper share
Of grief and anger too.
To-morrow *Love* may turn the beam,
To-morrow you less charming seem,
And I less warmly woo.

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